Wind noise — panygeric to all earthly ills —
A scaffolding of stars — the innumerable rivers
Speak vainly muse — yet ~~still~~ continue to
Exhist — Expressly and for Thy purpose is
to heal — I know!

O God how stout my heart shouldst be in days
to come —

Look how they turn about endlessly — He put
his noble hand to task. Out of the mouth
of emptiness he plucked infinity
And gave her tongue to sing to Him.

Thought — Thought — drifting slowly to the shore.
Shore Shore making shelter for the thought —